

Interloper

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Interloper

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Notes: This is a speculative tale of something quite unlikely, but it would be funny if it were true. 'Tis out of character, but that is supposed to be, for it is speculation, a "what-if" story. Sort of Comedy-Drama, I guess. Well, the idea's kinda funny.

"**INTERLOPER**"

By Shadowcat

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"Good job on the find at the Pewter Gym, Greyhound. Your new assignment: Follow subject and his Pikachu. Befriend subject; make sure that he doesn't suspect. 'Tis a job that you do well already, being above suspicion."

"Should I let Meowth-Team know, or should I keep them in the dark?"

"The Jessie and James team should not be aware. If they knew, they could inadvertently give the operation away. Keep up your guise. Relay your location to us at opportune times. We will relay that info to Meowth-Team. Treat them with contempt, as if you really were an honest civilian. You have a new code-name now; 'Interloper'. We shall send out Agent Flint to care for your little ones, as we have already

informed you. Wait for him, he will allow you to begin your mission.
Base out!"

"Interloper out!"

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The young man hung up his cellular phone. He mused upon his spiffy new name. "Interloper". He liked the ring to it. He had been "Greyhound" for a long time, a name given to him because of his loyalty, like that of a faithful dog, and because of his residence and profession. Stone was grey. Pewter City was grey. "Greyhound".

He had joined Team Rocket as a last resort for money to feed his family. His father had left years ago to pursue a pipe dream and his mother had died of an illness several months ago. He was left to take care of his ten little brothers and sisters. The money from leading the Gym that his father had left in his care was not enough. He was a tough rock-type trainer, but he had suffered too many losses to be considered great.

Brock kept his Gym, but was always looking out for challengers with especially rare pokemon. A few trainers had been ambushed and relieved of their creatures in the woods after having battled Brock. Information relay and spy work were his specialties, and he had always remained above suspicion. One of Pewter City's "Finest Citizens", he was. No one knew where his true loyalties lay.

Brock's father was never coming back. He had been killed by a wild Rhydon in the woods outside of Caledon City. Agent Flint was to come and pose as his father to the kid, the "subject". They had an act all planned out. Agent Flint was a nurturing man, he had met Brock some time ago and helped him out with the kids on numerous occasions. Flint had always wanted to be a father, but he and his wife were unable to bear children. This would be a perfect retirement for the old man, that is, until Brock was done with this assignment.

Brock had no qualms about leaving. What had to be done had to be done. This assignment would provide a monthly check tripling his Team Rocket salary in the time that he was spying and a huge bonus upon the successful capture of the subject's Pikachu. The Boss not only wanted Brock to keep his eye on the 'Chu that Meowth-Team had told him about, but to keep an eye on its trainer as well, a likely prodigy to be in possession of such a pokemon.

Brock could send the money to Flint, to provide for the children, and save the rest for the funding of his future education at some fine Breeders' Academy. Then, later, he could afford to retire from the Team to pursue his true calling and live a life of honesty.

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"Interloper in from Cerulean City. Mr. Ketchum plans to battle at the Gym this afternoon."

"Cerulean City Gym is out of commission for Pokemon Battling. It has been so for the last few weeks. The three Gym Leaders there do water ballets now. Meowth-Team relayed to us a plan to steal the water-pokemon of that gym."

"They should also be able to take the Pikachu then."

"Meowth-Team has been unable to capture the 'Chu thus far. I put little faith in them. Keep your eye on the prodigy. There will come a time soon for you to bring us the 'Chu, if Meowth-Team persists in their failure. In the meantime, keep the subject's spirits up. Inflate his ego. That way, when the time comes, he will be easily crushed. We cannot allow those with too much talent to ascend to the Elite, especially if they remain unsympathetic to our Cause."

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—"The prodigy can't be bought. I've observed him and have given him subtle tests. I was hoping as you had hoped that he might be inducted, but I do not see it happening soon. He's got that Pikachu trained to ENJOY frying Meowth-Team. Sympathy to the Rocket cause is a long way off. His inflated ideals are too high."—

Brock hated his betrayal. He was actually beginning to like the 'Twerp. He had many of the same ideals that he had long lost. He wished he could return to being that innocent, but the world did not work that way. If the kid learned enough to open his eyes and realize that the world was about power and survival, he could be a great Pokemon Trainer for Team Rocket. Perhaps Giovanni would even instate him as the Gym Leader of the Viridian-front.

And it was difficult for Brock to keep up his own front in before the subject. Especially now since that Misty girl had joined them. She was smart, unlike the boy. She might be able to figure him out. Then, Brock would be done for. He did not relish the idea of being fired or going to prison as a convicted Team Rocket spy.

One thing that Brock did like about his travels, though, were the pretty young females that he met. Maybe before he had to leave with the two 'Twerps he could score a date with that cute police officer he saw outside of the machine shop that Meowth-Team had robbed this morning.

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"Bad newsâ€|lost subject and Pikachu in the mountains. I am also lost, but am with 'Twerp girl. We have discovered a hot spring. Will camp here until first light-then search for subject."

"Better hope that you recover them alive, Interloper, or else!"

—

Brock had a difficult time keeping his cell-phone from Misty's sight in the spring that night. He had to claim to be getting dressed for the spring. He ducked behind a snow bank to change into his

swim-trunks and advised Misty to put on a swimsuit or to strip to her underwear in order to keep their clothes dry for the morning. He quickly stuffed his cell-phone into his backpack when he heard her complaining about taking a long time to change. Shivering, he stashed his belongings in a patch of frozen dry snow and stepped into the spring.

Brock was immensely relieved when they found Ash and Pikachu alive and well the next morning. His butt would have been in a sling if they had not survived the blizzard. He was delighted and surprised that the boy remembered his comments about building a snow-cave. He was even more surprised when he discovered Meowth-Team's balloon. They had been following their group, as always, unaware of the "interloper" on their side. How their balloon got damaged and floated here, he did not know. It was a perfect opportunity for a quick trip out of the mountains. So what if they left Meowth-Team stranded? Brock liked Jessie a little bit, but James and Meowth he despised. If they were still in these mountains, they could find another way out of them!

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"Have decided to take leave of assignment pending this great opportunity and your orders."

"Good. We have been trying to dredge up important pokemon genetics information from this professor Ivy. Have fun working with her. We are sure that you will not fail us, for you have proven a brilliant spy. We now know all that we need to about young Mr. Ketchum and the 'Chu. Will be only a matter of time before we get the 'Chu. For now, the Ivy Project is more important."

"Have you chosen another interloper yet?"

"As a matter of fact, we have."

"Who?"

"Agent Sket—"

"You mean 'Watcher'? You can't be serious!"

"We are serious. He shall prove useful to us."

"But he's nearly as incompetent as Meowth-Team!"

"Maybe when you worked with him last, but 'Watcher' has improved greatly. His work in the wilds with pokemon over the last several months has made him more observant, and he has relayed much valuable information about the Police forces on Tangelo Island. He shall meet subject and his little girlfriend there. Enjoy your new assignment, Interloper."

"Will do."

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